

ST. MARK'S HERALD

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St. Mark's Lutheran Church
Williamsport, Pa.



HENRY DOUGLAS SPAETH, D. D.

BORN OCTOBER 18, 1870

DIED FEBRUARY 9, 1920

1912—BELOVED PASTOR OF ST. MARK'S—1920

Dr. Spaeth was the son of Rev. Dr. Adolph and Maria Dorothea Duncan Spaeth. He was born in Philadelphia and educated in the Philadelphia Schools, Muhlenberg College, the University of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Theological Seminary. He was ordained in 1893 and began his ministry as the first regular pastor at Asbury Park, N. J. Other parishes served by him were Liberty, N. Y.; Christ Church, Easton, Pa.; the Church of the Redeemer, Albany, N. Y.; and St. Mark's Church, Williamsport, Pa.

ST. MARK'S HERALD

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REV. H. DOUGLAS SPAETH, D. D.

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VOL. 11 APRIL-MAY, 1920 No. 2

EDITORIAL

Since the last issue of the Herald, the angel of death has removed from our midst a number of our fellow-members, and were it not for the blessed hope of a happy reunion with them and all our dear ones who have gone before, we should be of all men most miserable. But if we believe the glorious Easter Gospel, which furnishes positive proof that our dear Lord and Saviour triumphed over death, we cannot mourn as those who have no hope, for we know that our dear ones are not dead, but that they have entered into life. God is not the God of the dead but of the living. We are not only to find comfort in the thought that the spirits of our dear ones are at rest with God, but we are also assured that those dear bodies we loved will be ours again, that death has not the power to keep those bodies in dust and ashes forever. Let us therefore take comfort in this knowledge and consecrate our lives to the service of the Master who made possible for us a resurrection from a spiritual death to a life of immortality.

THE PASSING OF OUR BELOVED PASTOR AND FRIEND

When our beloved pastor left us last summer to go to Cape May Point in the hope of regaining his health and strength, few, if any of us realized that his sermon on Trinity Sunday would be the last one he would ever preach. It was his heart's desire, during all the time of his absence, to come back and preach at least one more sermon to his dear people. When he stopped here for a few days, enroute to Clifton Springs, he said he was determined to spend at least one Sunday in dear, old St. Mark's, and at that time he intended to give his congregation a brief message, but we know he was so ill during the short time he was here, that he could not attempt that, and could not gratify his desire to spend even that one Sunday here. He wanted to write more often to his people, but said he did not want to do so until he could write an encouraging letter, which was hard for him to do when he was so weak and suffered almost continuously. We do know, tho, that he thought of his people constantly, and prayed for them every day and that he yearned to be with them. When he learned that his case was hopeless, his greatest disappointment was that he could not be here to die in the midst of those he loved so dearly.

Those of us who were privileged to attend that last Trinity Communion Service will not soon forget it. The doctor had given him strict orders that if he conducted a communion service, he was not to attempt preaching a sermon, but he put aside this advice and said he could not refrain from saying a few words, believing God would give him strength. That was one of the characteristics of his whole life, he never spared his own strength in fulfilling his duty to the parish which he served, and many times he went about on his mission of bringing comfort and cheer to sad hearts when he was scarcely able to do so. What Dr. Spaeth has done for us, words are inadequate to express, and we can best show our appreciation of his work among us by living in accordance with the principles of the Master, which he ever sought to make clear to us.

He was an excellent preacher, one who did not need to go outside of the Bible to find his texts, and he made the characters in his sermons so real, that one could see them as living, human beings. It was his aim to preach so that of him it might also be said, "The common people heard him gladly." He was recognized by the whole Lutheran Church as a good preacher, and for a number of years furnished a weekly sermon for "The Lutheran." Altho he was a brilliant scholar, he always preached in language that even the simplest mind could comprehend. He was a faithful pastor too. Those who knew him best realized this most. He had a big, loving heart and the sorrows of his people were his sorrows too. He was most tender and sympathetic toward those who mourned for dear ones gone, and always brought hope and consolation to such, both thru his sermons and thru private conversations he had with them. He was a man of strong faith, believing and trusting where he could not understand, and he died as he lived, strong in that faith. During his last hours he had with him, his loving, faithful wife and the young man whom he always spoke of as his spiritual son, Rev. Krumholtz. He was not in the least disturbed about leaving this life, but quite the contrary, he spoke about his going very calmly. He was deeply interested in the affairs of the Church up to the last. The morning before he became unconscious he sat up in bed and sang hymns all morning, the last one being that beautiful hymn of resignation to the One Beloved's Will, "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt." Then with the words of the aged Simeon on his lips, "Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace," he fell back upon his pillow and soon after lapsed into unconsciousness from which he never rallied.

The funeral service was held on February 13th, in the beautiful, quaint, old St. Johannis' church, where Dr. Spaeth was confirmed by his father. The service was very simple, but deeply impressive and was conducted by Dr. Spaeth's personal friends, Dr. Weller, Dr. Steimle, Rev. Heilman and Rev. Schneider. At his own request there was no funeral sermon. Altho we, as a congregation and as individuals deeply mourn the loss of our dear pastor and friends, we rejoice that his sufferings are ended, and that now he is enjoying the rest that remains for the children of God. Let us in our prayers not forget our pastor's wife who has also labored faithfully among us during the years of her husband's pastorate here, and who has sustained a very great loss in the departure of her loving husband.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Held in St. Mark's Church, March 25th, 1920,
In Memory of Our Late Pastor, Rev.

H. Douglas Spaeth, D. D.

Opening service by the Rev. C. P. Weiskotten. Scripture Lesson and Prayers by the Rev. Clarence E. Krumholtz, of Yonkers, New York.

THE AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST

REV. A. STEIMLE, D. D.

This is a glorious day in the history of St. Mark's. We are here because there has been conferred upon your Captain the Distinguished Service Cross. We have stood beside the bier, but it has become the pedestal from which we look over the heads of our fellows and catch vistas of the unseen. We have stood beside the grave, but it has become the telescope through which we are enabled to look up and not down, and to catch a glimpse of the glories of the land beyond. Death is swallowed up in Victory.

The natural instincts of my heart would lead me rather to sit with you and think of him, who has departed, as my dearest friend in the Christian ministry, one with whom intimacy for thirty years has brought an increasing knowledge that thoughts and ideals such as his are rare among men. I would also like to speak to you about his love of men and of books, for I have been with him among both; of his true and sterling character and the beauty of his friendship.

But the glory and the power of his life is most truly expressed in the subject which has been assigned to me—The Ambassador of Christ. And I want to read you a word from Scripture which he used many years ago, when he was called upon to preach at the ordination of candidates for the ministry in the Synod of New York and New England, and when several years ago he was asked again to speak at a similar service in the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. He used the same text. It was taken from the third chapter of Ephesians: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery." This he laid upon the hearts and consciences of the young men who were about to be sent forth, even as he had been sent forth, in order to proclaim the gospel of Christ.

To make men see this truth, he infused all his arguments and persuasion with the earnestness and sincerity of his own life—purpose, even as he revealed himself to you here in this place, Sunday after Sunday.

How he delved, not only into the riches and treasures of the divine Word, but went far afield, into history, into biography, into philosophy, into the various avenues of human knowledge and endeavor, in order to bring them all to bear on the one great theme which he never tired of expounding, by which he endeavored to win souls for their eternal purpose in Christ Jesus.

"To make men see." To make men see, that besides their muscular system and their circulatory system, and all the other systems that go to make up this body of ours, they likewise have that which is intangible, but nevertheless very real—that man has a soul, and that the purpose of this soul is to rest in God from whom it came forth.

To make men see that this soul had not been left untarnished; that it was lost in sin, and to cry out with the preacher of righteousness in the wilderness: "Repent! For the Kingdom of heaven is at hand."

If you have ever read the Gospel by St. Mark, members of St. Mark's, you will find in the beginning and in the end that which was iterated and reiterated from this pulpit by your beloved pastor. That message to John the Baptist, and also of Christ, "Repent! For the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," and again at the close of the gospel the great word with which the apostles were sent forth—"Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved." Repentance and faith were the two poles about which his preaching centered, and to them he brought all the keenness of intellect and powers of mind, and the remarkable abilities with which he had been endowed.

Like the inspiring figure of his sainted father, standing in the pulpit of that old church, where he was baptized and confirmed, and ordained, and where we finally brought him in order that the words which the Church has prescribed might there be said before his remains were consigned to their last resting place, he became a mighty messenger of God. He and I sat as students in that church more than thirty years ago and listened to that prophet of God, who as a preacher was indeed considered by all who knew and whose words must be considered, to be without a peer, and the purpose there begotten to win souls grew in him and he followed in the godly footsteps of the one who had gone before him.

To make men see and feel the reality of that which was the disease of their souls. He had a great conviction of sin. You have listened to his sermons on the Ten Commandments. You have heard him cry out that this is the only remedy which the church needs, which the individual needs, without which the Church is helpless, with-

out which the individual cannot find salvation—even faith in Jesus Christ.

The unsearchable riches of Christ! To make men see that mystery which was so real to him. How simple his faith! How it had made clear those things that are unseen, as if they were bodily before him! How surely and solidly he rested upon the promises of God, and fed his soul daily upon them; and then he would come unto you and unfold before you that mystery, and do that which is given only to the preacher of the gospel—make men see the mystery.

He had a great conviction of sin. Its reality came from a deep study of the pages of this book. He knew what it meant when Christ said, "It is better for a man to cut off his right hand and go maimed into life, than to keep that hand in it would cause him to sin." He realized that the teaching of this Christ was that there is only one cause for the great unrest in the world, and that is sin. And he had that great conviction of sin, because he had a great conviction of God. Like the great prophets whose record we have here in this Book, Elijah and Isaiah and Moses, he realized the immense gulf that lies between holiness of God and the sinfulness of man. It was with that great conception of God that he came before you and with it made him the great preacher that he was.

It was a wonderful privilege for you here in St. Mark's, to listen to the burning words as they fell from his lips, and to see in him the one who was sent of God, in order that he might call you unto repentance, and to make you see the unsearchable riches of Christ, in salvation, the one remedy for sin. How he would show Christ to you in those passion services which he held with you during Holy Week; how he would unfold before you step by step the way of suffering, of ignominy, of death, which the Saviour went in order to accomplish the salvation of man, and how he had laid hold upon this with his own faith, and then endeavored to make you see the unsearchable riches!

To make men see the world about him. Every church of which Dr. Spaeth was pastor became a missionary church. The missionary fires burned brightly within him, he was zealous that the message of the gospel should be sent to those who still sit in darkness. He labored to make you men and women realize that not only did Christ come for you, but that Christ was to live in you and that you were in turn to become Christs, and to bring his message both to those at home and those abroad. When we came here—I will never forget it—in that great offering for General Education, he enthused the people of St. Mark's so that they were among the first in the Ministerium of Pennsylvania to raise their quota.

Today his image is before you and makes you see the world above, and he brings near you the reality of that life, and I feel almost like saying as the angel did—He is not here, but he lives; he lives not only in the sight of the great white Throne, but in the heart of every one of those whom he has stirred, in the heart of every one whom he caused to renew his faith and start out again in a true Christian life.

To make men see the kingdom of God upon earth, he went beyond the bounds of his congregation. Another speaker was to have been here this evening to tell of his relations in conference and synod, but unfortunately he cannot come, on account of illness, and he has sent a telegram of regret. It is my privilege, therefore, to add my testimony of Dr. Spaeth's influence and power in the wider circles of those who endeavor to establish the kingdom here among men, and that he was ever ready with counsel and help to provide those things for the extension of the Church upon earth that must be provided for the furtherance of the great cause in the world. The Pastoral Association—I wish every member of it were here, in order to be able to tell you,—how when he came into this conference, he soon became a force among his brethren; how he caused them to search ~~more~~ **more** deeply the divine Word, and gave ~~freely~~ **freely** of the treasures of human knowledge which he had stored, and how because of his wonderful personality they were better able and more fully equipped to do the great work to which God had called them.

And in still larger relations he was active and devoted. He was ~~secretary~~ **secretary** of the Board of Education of the General Council before its merging into the United Lutheran Church; he labored earnestly and faithfully for the great cause of religious education particularly in its higher departments. He was a member of the Examining Committee of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. His ability was recognized among his brethren. He bore a great name. He followed in the footsteps of a mighty leader in the Church, and he brought no tarnish to that name, but added new lustre by his ability and faithfulness.

Truly, our hearts do bleed, but we rejoice in what God hath wrought, and so, dear friends of St. Mark's, as he shall no longer be here to admonish, to console, to beseech, let his words be the undying testimony that there has lived among you a preacher of God, a minister who needeth not to be ashamed of his workmanship, and one whom some day I trust you shall see, shining as a star, for he hath led many to righteousness.

AMONG HIS FRIENDS

REV. B. M. NEILL

To speak tonight in this church of him whom we are honoring, to this people who have been so loving and so loyal to him, is a priceless privilege. With such a rich manhood for a subject all of us must greatly feel the limitations of time. From any point of view, in any aspect, Dr. Spaeth was interesting and attractive. I am to speak of him among his friends.

Among his friends! Dr. Spaeth greatly valued friendship. He believed that friendship was one of God's best gifts to men; and if there is an art of friendship, he had it. He tied you to him. I have known him for twenty-two years, but our friendship began very shortly after we had met. One day he just dropped a few words that indicated that he had opened his heart to me, and from that moment I knew that I loved him. And that was just one instance of that frankness of nature that was among his most charming characteristics.

He did not "carry his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at," but among his inner circle there was little self-concealment, and we who speak of him here tonight know whereof we speak and are not analyzing a bloodless statue of faultless perfection, but a man whose heart throbs we have felt and whose faults as well as whose virtues we know and yet are constrained to say that "take him for all in all we shall not look upon his like again."

He was such a satisfying friend. I am using that word "satisfying" carefully, and I use it not in any superficial sense—satisfying friend. Somehow he seemed to pour into friendship all the rich endowment of his nature; emotional, esthetic, mental, religious, all were yours, and so it was that to spend an hour with him, or a day with him, was not simply a delight and a joy, it was an enrichment, it was a growth. I am not going to try to analyze that intellect so strong so brilliant, so facile. At times it quite astonished me when in some of the intimacies of friendship I was able to enter into something of its processes. Today I was talking to his brother about that wonderful mind of his, saying that it was like a piece of perfect machinery, well oiled, and that I used to sit and look at it just to see the wheels go 'round. It was marvelous.

But what I wish to speak about particularly in connection with his intellectuality was the unusual openness of his mind and

his sympathy with the other man's point of view, qualities so valuable and precious in the intercourse of friends. You know there is a prevalent idea that men of culture are far freer from prejudice than what we call ignorant men. Well, that may be so far as things in which they are not particularly interested are concerned. A man of culture has that power of apartness about things about which he cares very little, but experience has taught most of us that in the realm of conviction, a man of culture is just as apt to be prejudiced as a man of ignorance. But I have known few men so free from that fault as Dr. Spaeth was.

I am thinking just how an article he wrote—some of you saw it—it was a criticism on Mr. Sunday, published I think in two Lutheral publications. Very necessarily it was an adverse criticism. I read it, naturally very much more in sympathy with Mr. Sunday than Dr. Spaeth would be but I said to him afterwards that it was one of the most fair adverse criticisms on anybody that I ever read in my life. A man who could have written such a criticism is almost an intellectual wonder.

And then he was such a satisfying friend esthetically. How much he loved beauty! Especially the beauty of literature and of music. Somehow he could make you feel his enthusiasms. Oh, how often I think of the hours we spent, together listening to the music that moved our souls. And it was not simply the contribution he could make, but his wonderful responsive sympathy to your enthusiasm. Why, to be thrilled by a poem or by music with him, was to be doubly thrilled.

And what a satisfying friend he was religiously! Dr. Spaeth was a very religious man. Now I am not thinking of him at all as a clergyman or a preacher; a religious man. He had a sense of the invisible. Of "the world that lies about us like a cloud, a world we cannot see," a sense of the unseen, of the spiritual of the supernatural, with which he felt he was linked, because he was supernatural; and in the intimacies of the closest friendship and in the most entire abandon to the spirit of play, which was a large element in his nature you somehow never forgot that he was a religious man. And so it was when there came to me from the South a farewell letter dictated to the noble friend who was with him. I could answer back by telegram: "Christ is more real to me because I have known you."

And so it did not seem strange to us, that he died such a glorious Christian death, a

death of triumph, so that among almost his very last words were words of song of Christian confidence and Christian faith. And it wasn't strange that in that letter in which he had included Tennyson's wonderful poem, *Crossing the Bar*, he asked his friend to make a note at that passage, "I hope to see my pilot face to face," reading "I know I shall see my pilot."

And he was so satisfying emotionally. I am so glad that theology and professional prestige and culture did not freeze him. We felt his heart beats; he was so delightfully human. What a pity it is that so many of the wise and the strong, and even the good of this world, lack that charm. Not so Dr. Spaeth. Back of all the theology and philosophy and culture, you felt the man who could enjoy and suffer, and love, and be moved by moral indignation. He was so delightfully human.

I am thinking now of a little incident that happened down there in that balmy south land, as the end was approaching. You know he was a great swimmer. Oh, how he loved to breast ocean's waves! By his side sat his older brother, that big brother, who many a time had breasted ocean's waves with him. And he said to his brother: "Won't you take a swim in the gulf for me?" And so his brother went out and came back after a while and told about it, and he said: "That is the last swim that I shall ever take." How I love that story! It is pathetic, but it is human, and he was so human.

But what a friend, what a friend he was to have! Of course we loved him. I am not satisfied to say that; of course I loved him. But if he was loved it was because he loved. And this man opened the hospitality of his heart to us, and because he opened the hospitality of his heart he opened the hospitality of his home. Oh, the wonderful hospitality of that home! Made possible not only by the love and devotion but by the broad sympathy of that wife, who was at once the Martha and the Mary in one of his life. May God comfort her as one whom his mother comforteth.

Some of us can testify that among the happiest hours of our lives were those, of the hospitality of that home. He is gone. But that does not mean that we have lost him. We haven't lost him. By the Jesus Christ who brought life and immortality to fitness of things we haven't lost him. "Home light, we haven't lost him. By the eternal here is home there," and we shall have his friendship forever.

A LOVER OF MEN AND BOOKS

MR. O. R. HOWARD THOMSON

I suppose that the most famous allegory of life that has ever been written is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It has become a part of the heritage of the English speaking peoples; its influence has outlasted the centuries. Yet there are those of us whose hearts it has failed to wholly capture. There are those of us who feel that its depiction of life as a toilsome, fearsome journey is not quite true; that its representation of the journey of the human soul through the world is faulty; that it is a picture not true to life, that it is, indeed, a picture distorted—one as seen by an austere, frigid, cold Puritan. It is not only that we miss in it the fragrance of wayside flowers and the beauty of the physical world, but that there is lacking in it the throb and passion and warmth of human friendships. I do not believe there is a man who would dare to describe the hero of the Pilgrim's Progress as a lover of men and books, and it is just as a lover of men and books that I think of my dear friend, Dr. Spaeth, tonight.

I do not think there was anything so truly a part of the man as his desire for friendship. I do not think there was anything so vitally himself as his reaching out after friendship. Friendship meant life; and friendship, intimate friendship, was as necessary to him as sunshine is to flowers. He treasured it; for him it enriched life as a fine wine ennobles a feast. He stood in the world; not to one side of it. The Vanity Fair that he surveyed was not altogether evil. It was a thing that had its purpose; it was a thing inhabited by living, breathing, human souls, and he was willing to dip his cup and refresh himself from the common spring. The activities of the world, the multifarious undertakings of men and women, of nations, of peoples, interested him, held him, intrigued him. Life was a pageant to be enjoyed.

He loved men who did things; men who took part in the activities of the world. He loved books that were by men who did things. His great heroes whom he knew through books, or by books, were pre-eminently men of action, and foremost among those of St. Paul and Martin Luther. In his study, I tell you, these men lived, and walked and talked, and were as truly alive as the men on the streets of Williamsport. It was not only that they were valient fighters of the faith, but that they were men of the world, alive to racial antagonisms and conflicting prejudices and striving to bend these diverse forces to the accomplishment of the work to which they had devoted their lives.

And it was the same way with poetry. He was very fond of poetry, but his favorites among poets were men with warm blood in their veins; men who knew their fellow men, men who looked into other men's hearts. Shakespeare and Masfield and Browning! Most of all he liked men who were red blooded—so he turned to Kipling. I believe that he more often quoted Kipling, and that Kipling meant more to him in his actual daily life than any of the others. He delighted to talk about men like Gunga Din, Sir Anthony Gloster and McAndrews. Were they saints? No. Men? Yes.

And I believe if I were asked to say which poem of Kipling's he liked the best, I should say it was the "Last Chantey."

All who knew him know how he loved the sight of the waves; and delighted in the smell of the salt spray. So he was fond of quoting this poem of Kipling's—this "Last Chantey" and repeating how when the sailors were taken up to heaven and they saw before them the motionless glassy sea with neither wind nor movement, they asked the Almighty if they might not lift a chantey of the sea they had known on earth and loved so well. And how the Lord listened to the prayers of the silly sailor folk, and because he knew and understood these things that lie so deep in the hearts of men, he gave back to "the silly sailor folk" their sea—the sea they had known on earth.

Most of all I found from his comments on books and men that he disliked men who took their opinions second-hand. He liked men who had the courage to think for themselves; he liked men who had the courage to stand up and support their own conclusions. He often quoted "Tomlinson." And this feeling was so strong, had become such a part of his vital, virile nature, that he had almost contempt for men of second-hand opinions.

It is not given to many men to possess the gift of friendship that was Dr. Spaeth's in so eminent a degree. Indeed, it seemed to me, at times when he was seeking friendships, that it was as if one able to endow richly, went out and begged for pennies. My own friendship with him was so close and so intimate that I cannot discuss it. It was a friendship to be treasured in the memory, not to be spoken about.

There is one story, however, I should like to tell about him, that I think illustrates perfectly two or three of his life traits.

At Christmas time it has become a habit with me to ask some newspapers with whose editor I have influence, to print a poem that I select and if the editor is kind, I always

choose Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem." I remember about two years ago I had "Abou Ben Adhem" printed in a local paper, and I went down to see Dr. Spaeth and told him I had had this printed and though, of course, he knew it, I insisted on reading it to him.

Some of you may not know the story: Abou Ben Adhem woke up in his bed-chamber one night and saw, as in a vision, an angel with shining wings writing in a book whose leaves were made of gold. Abou Ben Adhem raised himself up on his elbow, and said—"What are you writing in the book whose leaves are made of gold?" The angel answered—"I am writing down the names of those who love the Lord." "And is my name there?" asked Abou Ben Adhem. The angel answered, "No." "Well," said Abou Ben Adhem, "I pray thee write my name down as one who loves his fellow men." And the angel vanished.

The next night Abou Ben Adhem awakened again, and once again in his chamber he saw the angel with the shining wings writing in the book whose leaves were made of gold. "And," says Leigh Hunt, "Behold, Abou Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Dr. Spaeth said to me: "Yes, yes, yes; but a man must also love God." I did not say anything but I was certain then, and I am certain tonight that Dr. Spaeth is one of those who, when they hear a certain statement made, will ask: "When saw we thee hungered and fed thee—or when saw we thee sick or in prison and came unto thee?" For truly he loved his fellow men.

IN BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD

PROFESSOR J. DUNCAN SPAETH, Ph. D., Litt. D.

Prof. J. Duncan Spaeth, Ph. D., Litt. D., of Princeton university, Dr. Spaeth's brother, two years his senior, told a number of touching reminiscences dating back to the time when they played church together in the old home and when they fished together for fish to put in their aquarium at home. Dr. Spaeth never had a home in which he did not have an aquarium, Prof. Spaeth said. He described Dr. Spaeth's love for swimming and the big out-of-doors. He told how he enjoyed the privilege given him by St. Mark's people to enjoy the seashore during the closing months of his life. He said that he firmly believed that his brother was happier in his ministry at St. Mark's than he had been anywhere else in his service. In St. Mark's he found a field of activity which released the best that was in him. Professor Spaeth closed with an impressive description of his associations with his brother in the last moments of his life among men.

OUR PASTOR

MR. DIETRICK LAMADE

In speaking for the congregation of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, I am confident that there is among us absolute unanimity of the kindest, the most affectionate thoughts and recollections of our late pastor, the Rev. H. Douglas Spaeth. Our memory of him is like a pleasant dream which remains with us—an influence rich as the fragrance of the rose.

During his nine years of service among us he entwined himself around our hearts and left an impress that never will be effaced. His life will always give us inspiration, his work serve to bring us nearer to the Throne of Grace, and his exalted character will ever appeal to us as that of one who was sent to us by God. He lives in our hearts, in our church, in our community, as a brilliant example of right living, as a shining beacon of love.

Dr. Spaeth came to us in February, 1911. From that time until illness robbed him of his physical strength, he ministered to us, preaching God's everlasting truth, holding out to us the great love of Jesus, and pointing us away from the temptations and vicissitudes of this life to the greater eternal life beyond.

His hereditary advantages made him a natural preacher and expounder of the word of God. Being a great student and scholar, he soon established a reputation as one of attracted the attention of many of the people of this city and increased the membership of the Church, and not only increased it, but inspired and developed concept of the significance of membership in brotherly love and in relationship to God. In listening to a sermon by Dr. Spaeth, one was involuntarily brought to a realization of God's great love for man and of man's duty to his brother.

In his pastoral ministrations every member of the congregation felt that in Dr. Spaeth we had a personal friend, one who was always at hand in time of need and who took a deep interest in our personal welfare. This friendship and interest extended to the humblest member of the congregation, for in his sight all were children of God whatever their condition in this life.

In our misfortunes and sickness, whenever we were in need of spiritual comfort, Dr. Spaeth brought to our homes and to our bedsides sympathy that touched and relieved. This he did in epidemics without the slightest regard of personal danger, he at one time having gone so far as to bring himself into the shadow of death through such exposure.

He performed for us the many religious ceremonies of the church, always with that

degree of dignity, interest and impressiveness that characterizes the work of a true Christian minister. Such ministration greatly influenced not only our temporal but also our spiritual lives, showing us as it did how manfully to discharge our duties to our families, our community, our church and our God, and pointing out to us the way to eternal life.

In our young people he took particular interest. He gave much attention to our Sunday School and increased the usefulness of our various church organizations which he extended in many directions.

Throughout the war he taught them and us loyalty in the highest sense to our Government, giving every encouragement to our young men to enter the service of their country and to us to sustain and uphold our Government in undertaking its great service for mankind. He kept in touch with our 51 soldiers and sailors throughout the war, through kindly greetings and messages of cheer and solicitude, while at the same time he brought comfort and consolation to anxious parents at home.

When Dr. Spaeth himself became ill, he, too, learned that sickness and sorrow better disclose the true feelings entertained by others. He learned of the great love, esteem and admiration the members of his congregation had for him. As time wore on he felt the solicitude of his people, realized their anxiety for him personally, their hope that again he might have health, return to them and resume his work which they had learned so well to appreciate.

All this is attested by statements in many letters which he wrote to us. In a letter written last summer at the seashore, he said:

"Letters from my dear people have been a revelation of their love for me. I feel now that it is almost worth while passing through the dark valley through which I am passing to get such a precious experience out of it. All things do really work together for good to them that love God. That was my confirmation text and I never realized its profound truth as I do now. I cannot tell you how greatly I long to stand in my pulpit once again, look you all in the face and preach God's everlasting truth to you as I did in former days. I feel that if I were only allowed to do this a few years longer, I would be satisfied."

For nearly a year his congregation was kept in suspense, hoping and praying that their beloved pastor might regain his health and return to them. Their anxiety for encouraging news was always their chief concern. While now and then word was received of renewed efforts he was making towards recovery and temporary hope was established, their fear that they were hoping

against hope had a most depressing effect.

Still their loyalty and love never wavered. Rather it grew stronger under the strain. Realization of the fight he was making, of his desire to return, multiplied their prayers, increased their devotion and developed an attachment between people and pastor that seldom exists.

When it became apparent that he also was losing hope, that there probably was no escape from the ultimate end, then only did the people of St. Mark's congregation yield to the Divine Will and wait for the inevitable.

Under date of January 17, Dr. Spaeth telegraphed from Clearwater, Florida, the following beautiful and characteristic message:

"My Dear People: It is quite apparent now that it is not God's will that we should continue together in the relation of pastor and people. God has granted us eight years of such relationship more beautiful and tender than falls to the lot of most. Your love and care for me has been wonderful and will never be forgotten. My greatest desire has been to stand in my pulpit once more and look you all in the face proclaiming the great love of Jesus. I feel that I shall look you in the face again on the day that shall have no night, for there is no night there."

Between their dying pastor and the representatives of his sorrowing congregation messages of love, sympathy and encouragement were exchanged for several days. On February 9 came the message, dreaded yet expected, from Mrs. Spaeth, telling us that our pastor had peacefully passed away that afternoon.

Thus, after a year of sickness and suffering, he passed from this life to the life beyond—to that life to which he had pointed us, lead us, urged us. His body was laid away in the bosom of mother earth in the quiet and calm of God's acre.

His prediction, often made, that St. Mark's would be his last charge, came true. He had given to us his last and best years of service. We have received the greatest blessing and benefits of his useful life. God grant that we may be able to make ourselves worthy of this great blessing.

May we express to Mrs. Spaeth our great admiration of her splendid, constant and unselfish devotion to her husband throughout his entire illness. Our hearts grieve for her in this sad hour. It was she who was ever at his side, tenderly and faithfully ministering unto him and helping him to bear his burdens. During her stay among us Mr. Spaeth endeared herself to our hearts and won our love and esteem through her many years of kindly interest and service in our behalf.

CHURCH RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom and divine providence has summoned to His heavenly home our beloved pastor and spiritual advisor, the Rev. H. Douglas Spaeth, D. D., and

Whereas, In addition to his faithful preaching he was closely and actively associated with us in our Church organizations,

Resolved, That we very deeply and keenly feel the loss that our Church in all its departments has suffered;

That St. Mark's congregation has sustained a great loss in the demise of one who believed and preached God's Word in the strict manner in which our Church Fathers interpreted it, and as set forth in the confessions of our Lutheran Church;

That our community has lost a broad-minded citizen and one of its most scholarly gentlemen;

That the Church has lost a most gifted, convincing and talented preacher; a profound scholar and defender of the truth;

That we recommend his intellectual and spiritual life as an example to all, especially to the youth of our Church concerning whose spiritual welfare he was ever solicitous;

That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereft widow; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her; that they be properly recorded on our Church records and that they be published in the daily papers of our city.

J. FRED McMURRAY,
WILLIAM C. ROOS,
SAMUEL S. KURTZ,
Committee.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom and divine providence to summon to His heavenly home our beloved pastor and spiritual adviser, Dr. H. Douglas Spaeth; and

Whereas, He was closely and actively associated with us in all departments of our Sunday school work.

Be it Resolved, That we most keenly and deeply feel his loss to our Sunday school; that we shall miss his wise counsel and excellent advice on all matters pertaining to our Sunday school work; that our Sunday

school has lost a leader who taught both church doctrine and God's truth in the strict manner in which it is interpreted by the heads of our Lutheran denomination and followed by the "Fathers of our church;" that Lutheranism has suffered an almost irreparable loss in the demise of one of its most valuable and forceful preachers and most learned ecclesiastical scholars, and

Be it Further Resolved, That these resolutions be read to our Sunday School, printed in our Lutheran Herald and that a copy be sent to his bereft widow.

J. FRED McMURRAY,
LOUIS WELKER, JR.
SAMUEL S. KURTZ,

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our borne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar.—Tennyson.

SERMON BY REV. H. DOUGLAS SPAETH

Because of Dr. Spaeth's desire to preach one more sermon to his people we print here a sermon preached by him on Good Friday morning, two years ago.

The Cross of Jesus the Measure of His Love.

Text: "That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

If St. Paul had never known the meaning of Good Friday, he could never have written these great words; for if he had not known the story of the cross he would not have known the breadth and length and depth and height of the love of Christ. It is the crucified Christ whom Paul preached and of

whom he said, "He loved me and gave Himself for me," whose measureless love he is here trying to measure. Measureless love, we say, because the love of Jesus Christ cannot be measured, it has no dimensions it passeth knowledge. But the fullest revelation of it is His cross. "When we survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died"—then we begin at least to comprehend what the unspeakable love of Christ is. We look for its dimensions in the dimensions of that cross.

Its Depth.

The cross is planted on this earth of ours, and its dying burden is a man. How deep that love of Jesus which caused Him to leave His throne and His kingly crown, to make Himself of no reputation, and take upon Him the form of a servant, and to be made in the likeness of men! How deep that love of Jesus that consented to dwell among us, in all points tempted like as we are, in all things touched with a feeling of our infirmities! To what unfathomable depths did it reach in its contact with the sin of a lost world. "He who knew no sin was made sin for us"—do we know what that means? On Him who was the Father's best-beloved Son, the Father casts the crushing weight of the world's guilt and from that mass of guilt hides His face while He who bears it cries out in utter desolation: Why hast Thou forsaken me? It was a love that carried Him down not only to the depths of the shadow of death, but to the black darkness of abandonment. That is the depth of the love of Jesus measured by his cross.

Its Height.

And the cross points upward. Who can measure its height? For it reaches to the very throne and heart of God. From that cross and with the ransom purchased there He goes to the Father. The nail-marks are still in His hands and feet, the spear-wound in His side. He was wounded for our transgressions that He might be raised again for our justification. By his own blood He entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. And now if any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, for He is the propitiation for our sins. This is the height of the love of Jesus measured by His cross.

Its Length.

There He hangs with arms and hands stretched out, and how far will those arms reach, what is the length of the love of Jesus. He died for all. Whatever restriction was once placed upon His ministry of seeking love is now forever dissolved. He is no longer straightened, no longer compelled to confine His mission to the lost

sheep of the house of Israel. "I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." The cross has broken down every wall of partition, from it the love of Jesus goes out to the whole wide world. Its story is to be preached to all nations. It is an everlasting love. Nothing can weary or discourage it. That is the length of the love of Jesus measured by His cross.

Its Breadth.

And what about the breadth of that dying love? It covers all the guilt and sin of the world; it is sufficient to atone for all the mass of transgression from Adam down to this our day. No prodigal has wandered so far from home, nor sunk into degradation so deep that he may not be reached with pardon and peace and restoration and cleansing by the crucified. He casts no stone upon the wretched sinner whom men have cast out, but bids her go and sin no more. He turns not away with scorn and contempt from the cowardly disciple who is denying Him, but turns toward him with a look that shows the old love is still there ready to forgive and to restore. On the cross by His side there hangs a condemned criminal, who has broken every law of God and man, but there is room even for him in the mighty love of Jesus which lifts him from that cross of punishment and shame to a place with Him in Paradise. O, the measureless breadth of the love of Jesus—the love which can say: him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out. Heart of mine, hear it and believe it! For thou art a sinful and unclean heart, and if God should mark all thy iniquities, how couldst thou hope to stand? But there is forgiveness for thee, even for thee, in the breadth of the love of Jesus, who has blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins.

How shall we ever be able to comprehend the love of Christ? Is it not a love which passeth knowledge? Yet as we stand beneath His cross, we begin at least to comprehend what is its depth, and height, and length and breadth.

MUHLENBERG COLLEGE

Do you remember the great financial plea our late pastor, Rev. H. Douglas Spaeth, made for Muhlenberg College a few years ago when St. Mark's responded so nobly and was among the first to raise its apportioned share? Now again we are asked to respond to a like call and let us remember the words he spoke while he was still with us and show thereby that his words still live among us, and respond to the call from this institution he loved so much, so we can say today and for the days to come that Christian education shall not perish from the earth.